

Junior Poetry Category – 3rd Prize 2021

ORCHARD

By Idylla Damien

The sun shines on the fruit,

In the air the noisy bees are buzzing

The fresh scent of blossom so sweet, so complete.

All the furry animals staring at their reflection, as the water flows slowly.

Orange and yellow crunchy leaves falling from trees.

Many foot prints in the rust coloured dust.

The soft and hard fruit picked and placed in the old wooden bins.

As the wind blows the tractors, trucks and motor bikes echoed.

It was almost the end of the day.

Everywhere fruit, fruit, fruit all there is, is fruit.

Birds are chirping, then a sudden ...

BOOM! CRASH!

Sparks flying the forklift struck the shed, time to end

THE DAY!

The winter coldness has arrived.

This is going to be a long season for me, with days becoming shorter and darker, going to get way harder.

Tear shaped rain has fallen, fast and quick.

The air is terribly cold, rugged up with a bright green jumper, and a thick woolly beanie that is keeping me warm.

Apples and pears left underneath the trees, haven rotten from time, and smell so bad you would NOT eat!

Seasonal workers here for a short time, so tired, so beat.

CLIP, CLIP, CLIP, clipping away with powerful secateurs, every piece of rough branch falling down.

Time to take a TRIP!